NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MOTLEY'S DUTCH REPUBLIC.

THE RISE OF THE DUTCH REPUBLIC: A HISTORY. By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY. 3 vols. 8vo. Harper & Brothers.

The history of the Netherlands forms a deeply interesting chapter in the annals of Protestant liberty. Upon the abdication of Charles V., the Queen of Hungary resigned the office of Regent, and the administration of the Government passed into the hands of the Duke of Savoy. This person was devoted to the fortunes of Philip, and possessed the qualifications which eminently fitted him to be the instrument of his dark and cruel policy. Endowed with an innate passion for military pursuits, he had carved his way to distinction and wealth by his sword. A favorite with the Emperor, he had served with signal success in various important campaigns. His personal courage was no less remarkable than his military talents; indeed, he habitually exercised a degree of reckless daring, which was deemed incompatible with his position as a commander. Nor were his accomplishments inferior to his professional abilities. He was a master of the Latin, French, Spanish and Italian languages, was a connoisseur in the fine arts, and skilled in the graces of literary composition.

Upon the accession of Philip the Second to the throne of Spain, he determined to regard the Netherlands as a whole, without respect to the chartered privileges which interfered with his ideas of political symmetry. The antiquated rights of the citizens were to be reduced to uniformity by the Court of Mechlin and the fires of the Inquisition. Under the action of this machinery, the spirit of independence was to be "crushed out" of the people, and opinion and conduct to be forced to the dead level of the royal standard. Inheriting these views from his father, Philip applied all the resources of his position to realize them in the policy of his Government. After the great battles of St. Quentin and Gravelines, which resulted in the restoration of peace between Spain and France, the Duke of Savoy resigned the Regency of the Netherlands and was succeeded by the Duchess Margaret of Parma, a natural daughter of Charles the Fifth.

Margaret was thirty-seven years old when she assumed the reins of Government. She had the reputation of remarkable talents, and of pride and energy of character. The pupil of Ignatius Loyola, who had been her confessor and spiritual guide, she was a fanatical Catholic, feeling a greater horror for heretics than for the most atrocious malefactors, and regarding the bloody edicts of her father in the light of special revelations from heaven. The social condition of the Netherlands upon the accession of Margaret presents few attractive features.

The aristocracy of the Netherlands was excessively extravagant, dissipated, and already considerably embarrassed in circumstances. It had been the policy of the Emperor and of Philip to confer high offices, civil, military and diplomatic, upon the leading nobles, by which enormous expenses were entailed upon them, without any corresponding salaries. The case of Orange has been already alluded to, and there were many other nobles less able to afford the expense, who had been indulged with these ruinous honors. During the war, there had been, however, many chances of bettering broken fortunes. Victory brought immense prizes to the leading officers. The ransoms of so many illustrious prisoners as had graced the triumphs of Saint Quentin and Gravelines had been extremely profitable. These sources of wealth had now been cut off; yet, on the departure of the King from the Netherlands, the luxury increased instead of diminishing. "Instead of one court," said a cotemporary, "you would have said that there were fifty." Nothing could be more sumptuous than the modes of life in Brussels. The household of Orange has been already painted. That of Egmont was almost as magnificent. A rivalry in hospitality and in display began among the highest nobles, and extended to those less able to maintain themselves in the contest. During the war there had been the valiant emulation of the battlefield; gentlemen had vied with each other how best to illustrate an ancient name with deeds of desperate valor, to repair the fortunes of a ruined house with the spoils of war. They now sought to surpass each other in splendid extravagance. It was an eager competition who should build the stateliest palaces, have the greatest number of noble pages and gentlemen in waiting, the most gorgeous liveries, the most hospitable tables, the most scientific cooks. There was, also, much depravity as well as extravagance. The morals of high society were loose. Gaming was practiced to a frightful extent. Drunkenness was a prevailing characteristic of the higher classes. Even the Prince of Orange himself, at this period, although never addicted to habitual excess, was extremely convivial in his tastes, tolerating scenes and companions not likely at a later day to find much favor in his sight. "We kept Saint Martin's joyously," he wrote, at about this period, to his brother, "and in the most jovial company. Brederode was one day in such a state that I thought he would certainly die, but he has now got over it." Count Brederode, soon afterward to become so conspicuous in the early scenes of the revolt, was, in truth, most notorious for his performances in these banqueting scenes. He appeared to have vowed as uncompromising hostility to cold water as to the inquisition, and always denounced both with the same fierce and ludicrous vehemence. Their constant connection with Germany at that period did not improve the sobriety of the Netherlands' nobles. The aristocracy of that country, as is well known, were most "potent at potting." "When the German finds himself sober," said the bitter Badovaro, "he believes himself to be ill." Gladly, since the peace, they had welcomed the opportunities afforded for many a deep carouse with their Netherlands cousins. The approaching marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Saxon princess—an episode which will soon engage our attention—gave rise to tremendous orgies. Count Schwartzburg, the Prince's brother-in-law, and one of the negotiators of the marriage, found many occasions to strengthen the bonds of harmony between the countries by indulgence of these common tastes. "I have had many princes and counts at my table," he wrote to Orange, "where a good deal more was drunk than eaten. The Rhinegrave's brother fell down dead after drinking too much malvoisie; but we have had him balsamed and sent home to his family."

These disorders among the higher ranks were in reality so extensive as to justify the biting remark of the Venetian; "The gentlemen intoxicate themselves every day," said he, "and the ladies also; but much less than the men." His remarks as to the morality, in other respects, of both sexes were equally sweeping, and not more complimentary.

But the state of the people, in many respects, furnishes a grateful contrast to the vices of the aristocracy:

The people were numerous, industrious, accustomed for centuries to a state of comparative civil freedom, and to a lively foreign trade, by which their minds were saved from the stagnation of bigotry. It was natural that they should begin to generalize, and pass from the concrete images presented them in the Flemish monasteries to the abstract character of Rome itself. The Flemish, above all their other qualities, were a commercial nation. Commerce was the mother of their freedom, so far as they had acquired it, in civil matters. It was struggling to give birth to a larger liberty—to freedom of conscience. The provinces were situated in the very heart of Europe. The blood of a world-wide traffic was daily coursing through the thousand arteries of that water-inwoven territory. There was a mutual exchange between the Netherlands and all the world; and ideas were as liberally interchanged as goods. Truth was imported as freely as less precious merchandise. The psalms of Marot were as current as the drugs of Molucca or the diamonds of Borneo. The prohibitory measures of a despotic Government could not annihilate this intellectual trade, nor could bigotry devise an effective quarantine to exclude the religious pest which lurked in every bale of merchandise, and was wafted on every breeze from east and west.

The edicts of the Emperor had been endured, but not accepted. The horrible persecution under which so many thousands had sunk had produced its inevitable result. Fertilized by all this innocent blood, the soil of the Netherlands became as a watered garden, in which liberty, civil and religious, was to flourish perennially. The scaffold had its daily victims, but did not make a single convert. The statistics of these crimes will, perhaps, never be accurately adjusted, nor will it be ascertained whether the famous estimate of Grotius was an exaggerated or an inadequate calculation. Those who love horrible details may find ample material. The chronicles contain the lists of these obscure martyrs; but their names, hardly pronounced in their lifetime, sound barbarously in our ears, and will never ring through the trumpet of fame. Yet they were men who dared and suffered as much as men can dare and suffer in this world, and for the noblest cause which can inspire humanity. Fanatics they certainly were not, if fanaticism consists in show, without corresponding substance. For them all was terrible reality. The Emperor and his edicts were realities; the ax, the stake were realities; and the heroism with which men took each other by the hand and walked into the flames, or with which women sang a song of triumph while the grave-digger was shoveling the earth upon their living faces, was a reality also.

In spite of the establishment of the Inquisition, the Protestant faith made rapid progress in the Netherlands. The most terrible edicts had been issued against every appearance of heresy. No form of religion but the Roman Catholic was permitted by law. The public and private meetings of the devout Reformers were equally forbidden. It was a crime to make too curious inquiries into the meaning of the Scriptures. All heretical writings were strictly prohibited. The discussion of religious matters was a ground for suspicion, and its indulgence was forbidden under penalty of death. But notwithstanding the terrors of persecution and the daily sacrifice of hecatombs, the Reformers boldly proclaimed their faith in the Gospel, and preached the word of life to multitudes of listeners. "Apostate priests were not the only preachers. To the ineffable disgust of the conservatives in Church and State, there were men with little education, utterly devoid of Hebrew, of lowly station—hatters, curriers, tanners, dyers, and the like—who began to preach also; remembering, unseasonably perhaps, that the early disciples, selected by the Founder of Christianity, had not all been doctors of theology, with diplomas from a 'renowned University.'"

On the 28th of June, 1566, six thousand people assembled near midnight at the bridge of Ernonville to hear a discourse from Ambrose Wille, who had learned his theology at Geneva from the lips of Calvin, and who was now proclaiming his doctrines in peril of death. Two days afterward ten thousand people assembled at the same spot to hear Peregrine de la Grange. The audience were warned of their danger by a proclamation from the Governor, but this only increased their pious enthusiasm. On the succeeding Sunday twenty thousand persons assembled at the same bridge to hear Ambrose Wille. Many of them were armed with rustic weapons, while some had arquebuses, pistols, pikes and swords. The preacher was escorted to his pulpit by a hundred mounted troopers. No commands of the Regent were of the slightest avail.

She ordered the instant suppression of these armed assemblies and the arrest of the preachers. But of what avail were proclamations against such numbers with weapons in their hands? Why irritate to madness these hordes of enthusiasts, who were now entirely pacific, and who marched back to the city, after conclusion of divine service, with perfect decorum? All classes of the population went eagerly to the sermons. The gentry of the place, the rich merchants, the notables, as well as the humbler artisans and laborers, all had received the infection. The professors of the Reformed religion outnumbered the Catholics by five or six to one. On Sundays and other holidays, during the hours of service, Tournay was literally emptied of its inhabitants. The streets were as silent as if war or pestilence had swept the place. The Duchess sent orders, but she sent no troops. The trained-bands of the city, the cross-bow-men of St. Maurice, the archers of St. Sebastian, the sword-players of St. Christopher, could not be ordered from Tournay to suppress the preaching, for they had all gone to the preaching themselves. How idle, therefore, to send peremptory orders without a matchlock to enforce the command.

Similar scenes were enacted throughout Flanders. The meetings were encampments of armed men. The Reformers came to their religious services, determined to defend their right to worship under the free air of heaven, though banished from the churches. "Barricades of upturned wagons, branches, and planks, were thrown up around the camps. Strong guards of mounted men were stationed at every avenue. Outlaying scouts gave notice of approaching danger, and guided the faithful into the inclosure. Peddlers and hawkers plied the trade upon which the penalty of death was fixed, and sold the forbidden hymn-books to all who chose to purchase. A strange and contradictory spectacle! An army of criminals doing deeds which could only be expiated at the stake; an intrenched rebellion, bearding the Government with pike, matchlock, javelin and barricade, and all for no more deadly purpose than to listen to the precepts of the pacific Jesus.'

The preaching spread through the Walloon Provinces to the northern Netherlands. Toward the end of July, an apostate monk, of singular eloquence, Peter Gabriel by name, was announced to preach at Overeen, near Harlem. This was the first field-meeting which had taken place in Holland. The people were wild with enthusiasm; the authorities beside themselves with apprehension. People from the country flocked into the town by thousands. The other cities were deserted; Harlem was filled to overflowing. Multitudes encamped upon the ground the night before. The magistrates ordered the gates to be kept closed in the morning till long after the usual hour. It was of no avail. Bolts and bars were but small impediments to enthusiasts who had traveled so many miles on foot or horseback to listen to a sermon. They climbed the walls, swam the moat, and thronged to the place of meeting long before the doors had been opened. When these could no longer be kept closed without a conflict, for which the magistrates were not prepared, the whole population poured out of the city with a single impulse. Tens of thousands were assembled upon the field. The bulwarks were erected as usual, the guards were posted, the necessary precautions taken. But upon this occasion, and in that region, there was but little danger to be apprehended. The multitude of Reformers made the edicts impossible, so long as no foreign troops were there to enforce them. The congregation was encamped and arranged in an orderly manner. The women, of whom there were many, were placed next the pulpit, which, upon this occasion, was formed of a couple of spears thrust into the earth, sustaining a cross-piece, against which the preacher might lean his back. The services commenced with the singing of a psalm by the whole vast assemblage. Clement Marot's verses, recently translated by Dathenus, were then new and popular. The strains of the monarch-minstrel, chanted thus in their homely but nervous mother tongue, by a multitude who had but recently learned that all the poetry and rapture of devotion were not irrevocably confined with a buried language, or immured in the precincts of a church, had never produced a more elevating effect. No anthem from the world-renowned organ in that ancient city ever awakened more lofty emotions than did those ten thousand human voices ringing from the grassy meadows in that fervid midsummer noon. When all was silent again the preacher rose; a little, meager man, who looked as if he might rather melt away beneath the blazing sunshine of July, than hold the multitude enchained four uninterrupted hours long, by the magic of his tongue. His text was the 8th, 9th and 10th verses of the second chapter of Ephesians; and as the slender monk spoke to his simple audience of God's grace and faith in Jesus, who had descended from above to save the lowliest and the most abandoned, they would put their trust in Him, his hearers were alternately exalted with fervor or melted into tears. He prayed for all conditions of men—for themselves, their friends, their enemies, for the Government which had persecuted them, for the King whose face was turned upon them in anger. At times, according to one who was present, not a dry eye was to be seen in the crowd. When the minister had finished he left his congregation abruptly, for he had to travel all night in order to reach Alkmaar, where he was to preach upon the following day.

During the regency of Margaret, the persecution of the Protestants continued to increase. The country was desolated. The ancient charters were suspended by brute force. The best part of the industrious population fled from the land in droves, as from a terrible pestilence. Gibbets and scaffolds were erected in every village. Every heart grew sad with fearful anticipations of still more ghastly calamities. "It was at length decided at the Spanish Court, that the Duke of Alva should lead an army into the Netherlands. Every vestige of the ancient liberties was to be wiped out from the prostrate country. The provinces, which had been the abode of municipal freedom, of science, literature and art, of unparalleled material prosperity, were to be reduced into absolute subjection to the Cabinet Council at Madrid. Such was the policy which the Duke of Alva was sent to the Netherlands to enforce in 1567. He was well fitted for his odious task. He was now in the sixtieth year of his age. His military reputation was superior to that of any general in Europe. No commander of his day had besieged so many cities. No soldier was his equal in address and prudence, while his heroic courage placed him above the reach of calumny. Even when a youth, he was distinguished for his prowess. At sixteen years of age he became conspicuous at Fontarabia, where his constancy in hardship and his brilliant and desperate valor contributed in no small degree to the success of the Spanish arms. In 1530, at the age of 22, he accompanied the Emperor Charles V. in his campaign against the Turk. Five years after, he took part in the memorable expedition against Tunis. In 1546 and 1547, he was generalissimo in the war against the Smalcaldian league.

As a disciplinarian he was foremost in Spain—perhaps in Europe. A spendthrift of time, he was an economist of blood, and this was, perhaps, in the eye of humanity, his principal virtue. Time and myself are two, was a frequent observation of Philip, and his favorite general considered the maxim as applicable to war as to politics. Such were his qualities as a military commander. As a statesman, he had neither experience nor talent. As a man, his character was simple. He did not combine a great variety of vices, but those which he had were colossal, and he possessed no virtues. He was neither lustful nor intemperate, but his professed eulogists admitted his enormous avarice, while the world has agreed that such an amount of stealth and ferocity, of patient vindictiveness and universal bloodthirstiness, were never found in a savage beast of the forest, and but rarely in a human bosom. His history was now to show that his previous thrift of human life was not derived from any love of his kind. Personally, he was stern and overbearing. As difficult of access as Philip himself, he was even more haughty to those who were admitted to his presence. He addressed every one with the depreciating second person plural. Possessing the right of being covered in the presence of the Spanish monarch, he had been with difficulty brought to renounce it before the German Emperor. He was of an illustrious family, but his territorial possessions were not extensive. His duchy was a small one, furnishing him with not more than fourteen thousand crowns of annual income, and with four hundred soldiers. He had, however, been a thrifty financier all his life, never having been without a handsome sum ready money at interest. Ten years before his arrival in the Netherlands, he was supposed to have already increased his income to forty thousand a year by the proceeds of his investments at Antwerp. As already intimated, his military character was sometimes profoundly misunderstood. He was often considered rather a pedantic than a practical commander—more capable to discourse of battles than to gain them. Notwithstanding that his long life had been an almost unbroken campaign, the ridiculous accusation of timidity was frequently made against him. A gentleman at the Court of the Emperor Charles once addressed a letter to the Duke with the title of "General of his Majesty's armies in the Duchy of Milan in time of peace, and major-domo of the household in the time of war." It is said that the lesson did the Duke good, but that he rewarded very badly the nobleman who gave it, having subsequently caused his head to be taken off. In general, however, Alva manifested a philosophical contempt for the opinions expressed concerning his military fame, and was especially disdainful of criticism expressed by his own soldiers. "Recollect," said he, at a later period, to Don John of Austria, "that the first foes with whom one has to contend are one's own troops, with their clamors for an engagement at this moment, and their murmurs about results at another; with their 'I thought that the battle should be fought,' or 'it was my opinion that the occasion ought not to be lost.' Your highness will have opportunity enough to display valor, and will never be weak enough to be conquered by the babble of soldiers."

In person he was tall, thin, erect, with a small head, a long visage, lean yellow cheek, dark twinkling eyes, adust complexion, black bristling hair, and a long sable-silvered beard, descending in two waving streams upon his breast.

With the unquestionable military fame with which the Duke of Alva came into the Netherlands, he left the provinces a baffled man. The spirit of freedom was too potent for the arts of military despotism. Of the character of his administration, an appalling sketch is given in the following passage:

As an administrator of the civil and judicial affairs of the country, Alva at once reduced its institutions to a frightful simplicity. In the place of the ancient laws of which the Netherlands were so proud, he substituted the Blood-Council. This tribunal was even more arbitrary than the Inquisition. Never was a simpler apparatus for tyranny devised than this great labor-saving machine. Never was so great a quantity of murder and robbery achieved with such dispatch and regularity. Sentences, executions and confiscations, to an incredible extent, were turned out daily with appalling precision. For this invention Alva alone is responsible. The tribunal and its counselors were the work and the creatures of his hand, and faithfully did they accomplish the dark purpose of their existence. Nor can it be urged, in extenuation of the Governor's crimes, that he was but the blind and fanatically loyal slave of his sovereign. A noble nature could not have contaminated itself with such slaughter-house work, but might have sought to mitigate the royal policy without forswearing allegiance. A nature less rigid than iron would at least have manifested compunction, as it found itself converted into a fleshless instrument of massacre. More decided than his master, however, he seemed, by his promptness, to rebuke the dilatory genius of Philip. The King seemed, at times, to loiter over his work, teasing and tantalising his appetite for vengeance before it should be gratified. Alva, rapid and brutal, scorned such epicureanism. He strode with gigantic steps over haughty statutes and popular constitutions; crushing alike the magnates who claimed a bench of monarchs for their jury, and the ignoble artisans who could appeal only to the laws of their land. From the pompous and theatrical scaffolds of Egmont and Horn to the nineteen halters prepared by Master Karl, to hang up the chief bakers and brewers of Brussels on their own thresholds—from the beheading of the twenty nobles on the Horse-market, in the opening of the Governor's career, to the roasting alive of Uitenhoove at its close—from the block on which fell the honored head of Anthony Straalen, to the obscure chair in which the ancient gentlewoman of Amsterdam suffered death for an act of vicarious mercy—from one year's end to another's—from the most signal to the most squalid scenes of sacrifice, the eye and hand of the great master directed, without weariness, the task imposed by the sovereign.

No doubt the work of almost indiscriminate massacre had been duly mapped out. Not often in history has a governor arrived to administer the affairs of a province where the whole population, three millions strong, had been formally sentenced to death. As time wore on, however, he even surpassed the bloody instructions which he had received. He waved aside the recommendations of the Blood Council to mercy; he dissuaded the monarch from attempting the path of clemency, which, for secret reasons, Philip was inclined at one period to attempt. The Governor had, as he assured the King, been using gentleness in vain, and he was now determined to try what a little wholesome severity could effect. These words were written immediately after the massacre at Harlem.

With all the bloodshed at Mons, and Naarden, and Mechlin, and by the Council of Tumults, daily, for six years long, still crying from the ground, he taxed himself with a misplaced and foolish tenderness to the people. He assured the King that when Alkmaar should be taken, he would not spare a "living soul among its "whole population;" and, as his parting advice, he recommended that *every city in the Netherlands should be burned to the ground*, except a few which could be occupied permanently by the royal troops. On the whole, so finished a picture of a perfect and absolute tyranny has rarely been presented to mankind by history, as in Alva's administration of the Netherlands.

The tens of thousands in those miserable provinces who fell victims to the gallows, the sword, the stake, the living grave, or to living banishment, have never been counted; for those statistics of barbarity are often effaced from human record. Enough, however, is known, and enough has been recited in the preceding pages. No mode in which human beings have ever caused their fellow creatures to suffer, was omitted from daily practice. Men, women, and children, old and young, nobles and paupers, opulent burghers, hospital patients, lunatics, dead bodies, all were indiscriminately made to furnish food for the scaffold and the stake. Men were tortured, beheaded, hanged by the neck and by the legs, burned before slow fires, pinched to death with red hot tongs, broken upon the wheel, starved, and flayed alive. Their skins stripped from the living body, were stretched upon drums, to be beaten in the march of their brethren to the gallows. The bodies of many who had died a natural death were exhumed, and their festering remains hanged upon the gibbet, on pretext that they had died without receiving the sacrament, but in reality that their property might become the legitimate prey of the treasury. Marriages of long standing were dissolved by order of Government, that rich heiresses might be married against their will to foreigners whom they abhorred. Women and children were executed for the crime of assisting their fugitive husbands and parents with a penny in their utmost need, and even for consoling them with a letter in their exile. Such was the regular course of affairs as administered by the Blood-Council. The additional barbarities committed amid the sack and ruin of those blazing and starving cities are almost beyond belief; unborn infants were torn from the living bodies of their mothers; women and children were violated by thousands; and whole populations burned and hacked to pieces by soldiers in every mode which cruelty, in its wanton ingenuity, could devise.

In admirable contrast to the reckless tyranny of the Duke of Alva, the career of William of Orange is depicted in these volumes as the embodiment of the Christian, natural resistance of the German race to foreign oppression. William is the prominent figure that is seen in this remarkable gallery of historical portraits. The author regards his character as a model of the heroic virtues, and delineates its traits not only with reverence, but with passionate enthusiasm. William is first brought upon the stage on occasion of the ceremonies at the abdication of Charles V. The Emperor leaned upon his arm as he entered the Hall of the States-General. At that time, the Prince of Orange was was a tall, handsome youth of 22. "He had rather a Southern than a German or Flemish appearance. He had a Spanish cast of features, dark, well chiseled and symmetrical. His head was small and well placed upon his shoulders. His hair was dark-brown, as were also his mustache and peaked beard. His forehead was lofty, spacious, and already prematurely engraved with the anxious lines of thought. His eyes were full, brown, well opened and expressive of profound reflection. He was dressed in the magnificent apparel for which the Netherlanders were celebrated above all other nations, and which the ceremony rendered necessary. His presence being considered indispensable at this great ceremony, he had been summoned but recently from the camp of the frontier, where, notwithstanding his youth, the Emperor had appointed him to command his army in chief against such antagonists as Admiral Coligny and the Duc de Nevers."

In 1544, at the age of eleven, William succeeded to the titles and estates of his cousin, Prince René, and thus became the Ninth of his name, Prince of Orange.

William having thus unexpectedly succeeded to such great possessions, was sent from his father's roof to be educated in Brussels. No destiny seemed to lie before the young prince but an education at the Emperor's court, to be followed by military adventures, embassies, vice-royalties, and a life of luxury and magnificence. At a very early age he came, accordingly, as a page into the Emperor's family. Charles recognized, with his customary quickness, the remarkable character of the boy. At fifteen, William was the intimate, almost confidential friend of the Emperor, who prided himself, above all other gifts, on his power of reading and of using men. The youth was so constant an attendant upon his imperial chief that even when interviews with the highest personages, and upon the gravest affairs, were taking place, Charles would never suffer him to be considered superfluous or intrusive. There seemed to be no secrets which the Emperor held too high for the comprehension or discretion of his page. His perceptive and reflective faculties, naturally of remarkable keenness and depth, thus acquired a precocious and extraordinary development. He was brought up behind the curtain of that great stage where the world's dramas were daily enacted. The machinery and the masks which produced the grand delusions of history had no deceptions for him. Carefully to observe men's actions, and silently to ponder upon their motives, was the favorite occupation of the Prince during his apprenticeship at court. As he advanced to man's estate, he was selected by the Emperor for the highest duties. Charles, whose only merit, so far as the provinces were concerned, was in having been born in Ghent, and that by an ignoble accident, was glad to employ this representative of so many great Netherland houses in the defense of the land. Before the Prince was twenty-one he was appointed general-in-chief of the army on the French frontier, in the absence of the Duke of Savoy. The post was coveted by many most distinguished soldiers—the Counts of Buren, Bossu, Lalaing, Aremberg, Meghem, and particularly by Count Egmont; yet Charles showed his extraordinary confidence in the Prince of Orange by selecting him for the station, although he had hardly reached maturity, and was moreover absent in France. The young Prince acquitted himself of his high command in a manner which justified his appointment.

In the early part of his career, he was distinguished rather for the elegance of his tastes, and his luxurious habits, than for the austere patriotic virtues by which he won the name of Father of his Country. He had slight sympathy with the religious reformation of which he was to become such a powerful champion. In outward observance he was a Catholic, although he took little interest in theological doctrines. The principles of the Reformation had made no progress at that day among the aristocracy of the Netherlands. It was only tanners, dyers, and apostate priests who became Protestants. But William determined to protect the people from the tyranny of the hierarchy. He was anxious to save them from a death of torture, but less from sympathy with their religion than from feelings of humanity. His mind was addicted to more secular pursuits. "He was disposed for an easy, joyous, luxurious, princely life. Banquets, masquerades, tournaments, the chase, interspersed with the routine of official duties, civil and military, seemed likely to fill out his life. His hospitality, like his fortune, was almost regal. While the King and the foreign envoys were still in the Netherlands, his house, the splendid Nassau palace of Brussels, was ever open. He entertained for the monarch, who was, or who imagined himself to be, too poor to discharge his own duties in this respect, but he entertained at his own expense. This splendid household was still continued. Twenty-four noblemen and eighteen pages of gentle birth officiated regularly in his family. His establishment was on so extensive a scale that upon one day twenty-eight master cooks were dismissed, for the purpose of diminishing the family expenses, and there was hardly a princely house in Germany which did not send cooks to learn their business in so magnificent a kitchen. The reputation of his table remained undiminished for years."

It would detain us too long to follow the hero of this history in the noble efforts and sacrifices by which he finally achieved the independence of his country. His life was a long course of glorious endeavour in the holiest interests of humanity, and it was crowned by a death in harmony with his exalted aims. His whole energies had been devoted to the support of Protestant freedom, and he at last fell a victim to Catholic fanaticism. An assassin, who had long waited for an opportunity to carry his cherished purpose into effect, gained access to the person of William in the guise of a courier. "This man had, early in the Spring, claimed and received the protection of Orange, on the ground of being the son of a Protestant at Besancon, who had suffered death for his religion, and of his own ardent attachment to the Reformed faith. A pious, psalm-singing, thoroughly Calvinistic youth he seemed to be, having a Bible or a Hymn-book under his arm whenever he walked the street, and most exemplary in his attendance at sermon and lecture. For the rest, a singularly unobtrusive personage, twenty-seven years of age, low of stature, meager, mean-visaged, muddy complexioned, and altogether a man of no account—quite insignificant in the eyes of all who looked upon him. If there were one opinion in which the few who had taken the trouble to think of the puny, somewhat shambling stranger from Burgundy at all coincided, it was that he was inoffensive, but quite incapable of any important business. He seemed well educated, claimed to be of respectable parentage, and had considerable facility of speech, when any person could be found who thought it worth while to listen to him; but on the whole he attracted little attention."

This person proved to be a desperate and daring character. Francis Guion, the Calvinist, son of a martyred Calvinist, was in reality Balthazar Gerard, a fanatical Catholic, whose father and mother were still living at Villefans in Burgundy. Before reaching man's estate, he had formed the design of murdering the Prince of Orange, "who, so long as he lived, seemed like to remain a rebel against the Catholic King, and to make every effort to disturb the repose of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion."

The last scene is thus described:

It was Sunday morning, and the bells were tolling for church. Upon leaving the house he loitered about the court-yard, furtively examining the premises, so that a sergeant of halberdiers asked him why he was waiting there. Balthazar meekly replied that he was desirous of attending divine worship in the church opposite, but added, pointing to his shabby and travel-stained attire, that, without at least a new pair of shoes and stockings, he was unfit to join the congregation. Insignificant as ever, the small, pious, dusty, stranger excited no suspicion in the mind of the good-natured sergeant. He forthwith spoke of the wants of Gerard to an officer, by whom they were communicated to Orange himself, and the Prince instantly ordered a sum of money to be given him. Thus Balthazar obtained from William's charity what Parma's thrift had denied—a fund for carrying out his purpose!

Next morning, with the money thus procured, he purchased a pair of pistols, or small carabines, from a soldier, chaffering long about the price because the vender could not supply a particular kind of chopped bullets or slugs which he desired. Before the sunset of the following day that soldier had stabbed himself to the heart, and died despairing, on hearing for what purpose the pistols had been bought.

On Tuesday, the 10th of July, 1584, at about half past twelve, the Prince, with his wife on his arm, and followed by the ladies and gentlemen of his family, was going to the dining room. William the Silent was dressed upon that day, according to his usual custom, in very plain fashion. He wore a wide-leaved, loosely-shaped hat of dark felt, with a silken cord round the crown—such as had been worn by the Beggars in the early days of the revolt. A high ruff encircled his neck, from which also depended one of the Beggar's medals, with the motto, "*Fidèles au roy jusqu'à la besace*," while a loose surcoat of grey frieze cloth, over a tawny leather doublet, with wide, slashed underclothes completed his costume. Gérard presented himself at the doorway, and demanded a passport. The Princess, struck with the pale and agitated countenance of the man, anxiously questioned her husband concerning the stranger. The Prince carelessly observed that "it was merely a person who came for a passport," ordering, at the same time, a Secretary forthwith to prepare one. The Princess, still not relieved, observed in an under-tone that "she had never seen so villainous a countenance." Orange, however, not all impressed with the appearance of Gérard, conducted himself at table with his usual cheerfulness, conversing much with the Burgomaster of Leewarden, the only guest present at the family dinner, concerning the political and religious aspects of Friesland. At 2 o'clock the company rose from table. The Prince led the way, intending to pass to his private apartments above. The dining-room, which was on the ground floor, opened into a little square vestibule, which communicated, through an arched passage-way, with the main entrance into the court-yard. This vestibule was also directly at the foot of the wooden staircase leading to the next floor, and was scarcely six feet in width. Upon its left side, as one approached the stairway, was an obscure arch, sunk deep in the wall, and completely in the shadow of the door. Behind this arch a portal opened to the narrow lane at the side of the house. The stairs themselves were completely lighted by a large window, half way up the flight. The Prince came from the dining-room, and began leisurely to ascend. He had only reached the second stair, when a man emerged from the sunken arch, and, standing within a foot or two of him, discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which, passing quite through him, struck with violence against the wall beyond. The Prince exclaimed in French, as he felt the wound, "O my God, have mercy upon my soul! O my God, have mercy upon this poor people!"

These were the last words he ever spoke, save that when his sister, Catherine of Schwartzburg, immediately afterward asked him if he commended his soul to Jesus Christ, he faintly answered, "Yes." His master of the horse, Jacob Van Maldere, had caught him in his arms as the fatal shot was fired. The Prince was then placed on the stairs for an instant, when he immediately began to swoon. He was afterward laid upon a couch in the dining-room, where in a few minutes, he breathed his last in the arms of his wife and sister.

The death of William frustrated the design of uniting the Netherlands in a common republic. By this event, combined with the efforts of the malcontent nobles, the Southern and Catholic provinces were separated forever from the Northern confederacy. With the fall of William, this portion of the work is brought to a close. The leading features of his character are elaborately portrayed in the concluding pages:

In person, Orange was above the middle height, perfectly well made and sinewy, but rather spare than stout. His eyes, hair, beard and complexion were brown. His head was small, symmetrically shaped, combining the alertness and compactness characteristic of the soldier, with the capacious brow furrowed prematurely with the horizontal lines of thought, denoting the statesman and the sage. His physical appearance was, therefore, in harmony with his organization, which was of antique model. Of his moral qualities, the most prominent was his piety. He was more than anything else a religious man. From his trust in God, he ever derived support and consolation in the darkest hours. Implicitly relying upon Almighty wisdom and goodness, he looked danger in the face with a constant smile, and endured incessant labors and trials with a serenity which seemed more than human. While, however, his soul was full of piety, it was tolerant of error. Sincerely and deliberately himself a convert to the Reformed Church, he was ready to extend freedom of worship to Catholics on the one hand, and to Anabaptists on the other, for no man ever felt more keenly than he, that the Reformer who becomes in his turn a bigot is doubly odious.

His firmness was allied to his piety. His constancy in bearing the whole weight of an unequal struggle as men have ever undertaken, was the theme of admiration even to his enemies. The rock in the ocean, "tranquil amid raging billows," was the favorite emblem by which his friends expressed their sense of his firmness. From the time when, as a hostage in France, he first discovered the plan of Philip to plant the Inquisition in the Netherlands, up to the last moment of his life, he never faltered in his determination to resist that iniquitous scheme. This resistance was the labor of his life. To exclude the Inquisition, to maintain the ancient liberties of his country, was the task which he appointed to himself when a youth of three-and-twenty. Never speaking a word concerning a heavenly mission, never deluding himself or others with the usual phraseology of enthusiasts, he accomplished the task, through danger, amid toils, and with sacrifices such as few men have ever been able to make on their country's altar—for the disinterested benevolence of the man was as prominent as his fortitude. A prince of high rank and with royal revenues, he stripped himself of high station, wealth, almost at times of the common necessaries of life, and became, in his country's cause, nearly a beggar as well as an outlaw.

His power of managing men was so unquestionable that there was always a hope, even in the darkest hour, for men felt implicit reliance, as well on his intellectual resources as on his integrity.

This power of dealing with his fellow-men he manifested in the various ways in which it has been usually exhibited by statesmen. He possessed a ready eloquence—sometimes impassioned, oftener argumentative, always rational. His influence over his audience was unexampled in the annals of that country or age; yet he never condescended to flatter the people. He never followed the nation, but always led her in the path of duty and of honor, and was much more prone to rebuke the vices than to pander to the passions of his hearers. He never failed to administer ample chastisement to parsimony, to jealousy, to insubordination, to intolerance, to infidelity, wherever it was due, nor feared to confront the states or the people in their most angry hours, and to tell them the truth to their faces. This commanding position he alone could stand upon, for his countrymen knew the generosity which had sacrificed his all for them, the self-denial which had eluded rather than sought political advancement, whether from king or people, and the untiring devotion which had consecrated a whole life to toil and danger in the cause of their emancipation. While, therefore, he was ever ready to rebuke, and always too honest to flatter, he at the same time possessed the eloquence which could convince or persuade. He knew how to reach both the mind and the heart of his hearers. His orations, whether extemporaneous or prepared—his written messages to the States-general, to the provincial authorities, to the municipal bodies—his private correspondence with men of all ranks, from Emperors and Kings down to Secretaries, and even children—all show an easy flow of language, a fulness of thought, a power of expression rare in that age, a fund of historical allusion, a considerable power of imagination, a warmth of sentiment, a breadth of view, a directness of purpose—a range of qualities, in short, which would in themselves have stamped him as one of the master-minds of his century, had there been no other monument to his memory than the remains of his spoken or written eloquence. The bulk of his performances in this department was prodigious. Not even Philip was more industrious in the cabinet. Not even Granvelle held a more facile pen. He wrote and spoke equally well in French, German or Flemish, and he possessed, besides, Spanish, Italian, Latin. The weight of his correspondence alone would have almost sufficed for the common industry of a lifetime; and, although many volumes of his speeches and letters have been published, there remain in the various archives of the Netherlands and Germany many documents from his hand which will probably never see the light. If the capacity for unremitted intellectual labor in an honorable cause be the measure of human greatness, few minds could be compared to the 'large composition' of this man. The efforts made to destroy the Netherlands, by the most laborious and painstaking of tyrants, were counteracted by the industry of the most indefatigable of patriots.

He went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrows upon his shoulders with a smiling face. Their name was the last word upon his lips, save the simple affirmative with which the soldier who had been battling for the right all his lifetime, commended his soul in dying "to his great captain, Christ." The people were grateful and affectionate, for they trusted the character of their "Father William," and not all the clouds which calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty mind to which they were accustomed, in their darkest calamities, to look for light. As long as he lived he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation, and when he died the little children cried in the streets.

In deciding on the character of Mr. Motley as a historian, we find that his pretensions are founded on extensive and solid learning, accumulated during a long course of studious labor and research. He has examined the chief chronicles in the Dutch, Flemish, French, Italian, Spanish and German languages, both of an early and recent date. Contemporary manuscripts and correspondence have furnished him with copious and valuable materials. He has had access to several important manuscript histories, especially those of Pontus Payen, Renom de France, and Pasquier de la Barre. The enormous collection of documents in the Royal Archives of the Hague, of Brussels, and of Dresden, have been diligently consulted and found to contain much information which throws fresh light on the history of the period of the question. Nor has the mass of learning thus obtained been reproduced without careful elaboration and symmetrical arrangement. Mr. Motley is not burdened by his erudition, but bears it facilely and gracefully. The singular complication of political affairs greatly enhances the difficulty of his task. But he winds his way through the labyrinth of artful and crooked policy with a cheerful confidence of step, that betokens his possession of a clue which he has thoroughly tested and proved to be of safe guidance.

Mr Motley makes no parade of philosophical reflection. He has evidently no passion for historical theories and generalizations. He is in no danger of losing sight of facts through the enticement of favorite systems. Yet his comments and suggestions, although never prominent, never obtrusive, are apt and instructive. He shows a genuine unitary instinct, always aiming to connect the specialities of his narrative with the general history of the age. His power of character-drawing is founded on a true insight into human nature. Many of his sketches betray a fine and discriminating touch. They are all inspired by more than common vitality. This arises from the warm sympathies with persons, which he never loses in the description of events. His characters have less the air of historical personages than of actors in the present living drama of affairs. His tone is not that of philosophic apathy—scarcely can it lay claim to historic impartiality. He always writes less as a judge than an advocate, and not seldom is betrayed into the excitement of a partisan. He loves and hates with equal earnestness. Not that we discover any evidence which can convict him of incorrect statements of facts, but he can scarcely avoid coloring them with his own feelings. In this respect, his attachment to human freedom forms a strong plea for pardon. To the mass of readers, it will not only increase the interest of his work, but will appear preferable to a more decided tone of judicial austerity.

The most prominent features of Mr. Motley's composition are earnestness, vigor, animation, and warmth. His narrative is always fresh, and where the nature of the subject admits, exhibits a no less picturesque arrangement of light and shade, than boldness and vivacity. He is never languid, and seldom shows the influence of artificial excitement. His style is more distinguished for athletic strength, than for felicity of phrase. It is usually rich, but not unfrequently a little crude. It has the raciness of a ripe cluster of grapes, but which would have been mellowed into a more delicious flavor by remaining longer on the sunny side of the vine. He is often careless, sometimes incorrect, and has too great a love for sesquipedalian expressions and ambitious rhetoric. Several instances of repetition occur in the course of a few pages. Thus, speaking of Charles V., he remarks that "he was addicted to vulgar and miscellaneous incontinence." The same phrase occurs in the portraiture of Philip II., of whom it is stated that "it was his chief amusement to issue forth at night disguised that he might indulge in vulgar and miscellaneous incontinence in the common haunts of vice." A specimen of turgid rhetoric is found in the account of the "guilds of rhetoric" in the middle ages. "Viewed from the stand point of literary criticism, their productions were not very commendable in taste, conception or execution. To torture the Muses to madness; to wire-draw poetry through inextricable coils of difficult rhymes and impossible measures; to hammer one golden grain of wit into a sheet of infinite platitude, with frightful ingenuity to construct ponderous anagrams and preternatural acrostics; to dazzle the vulgar eye with tawdry costumes, and to tickle the vulgar ear with virulent personalities, were tendencies which, perhaps, smacked of the hammer, the yard-stick and the pincers, and gave sufficient proof, had proof been necessary, that literature is not one of the mechanical arts, and that poetry cannot be manufactured to a profit by joint stock companies."

The last paragraph of the third volume is singularly out of place, in its explanatory and apologetic character. The author had completed his work; he could only say "What is writ is writ;" and the manner in which he deprecates a difference of opinion in regard to the claims of his hero is a lamentable falling off from the general manliness of his narrative.

The titles of the chapters in imitation of the quaint headings of Carlyle's French Revolution are to our thinking in decidedly bad taste. What (